PAGES 13 TO 28.

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PAGES 13 TO 28.



hunting with Jim Duncan and
George Bryson. They had seen
the seals on the Procks at the foot
of the cliff and thought they could make the meaning of the cliff and thought they could make the meaning of the cliff and thought they could make the meaning of the warmer winds long enough to let the men die of hunger and exposure. The probability, and she realized that it was a probability, was, that within a couple of days the cluming of the water would proceed the meaning of the water would be compared to let the men die of hunger and exposure. The probability, was, that within a couple of days the cliff and thought they could make the old volcanic ages. awful cold, and the wind seems steady, bosom of that northern sea, I did not like them to go, but Angus ashermen hasten away to the mainland the Every day I have watched the sea with are able to take care of the light'-

This is as much as Maggie Campbell, the lighthouse keeper's wife, wrote on During the Water that 27th of February in the diary George Bryson, two of Angus Campbell's

she had kept ever since she was a schooltriends, came out to Great Bird Rock to

reproduct the type with him until Spring. the lonely lighthouse on Great Bird Rock, a great many seals play around on the dway out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the and rocks at the foot of the big clift.

Islands. This rock, precipitous and be got his Government appointment. The light is seen to the beach to-morrow to see if anything is washed ashore. Have been looking out with the glass all day, but did not see anything. I fainted this morning in the tower when I went up to put out the light. girl. Her husband was the keeper of spend the time with him until Spring. Islands. This rock, precipitous and be got his Government appointment, and put out the light. I wonder how long I can rugged, is the furthest beacon to the harbors of Nova Scotia. There is no way of landing a boat on it, but once in five or six miles of the lighthouse in every three months a Government steam—any direction. The men were landed on the local landed on the content of the lighthouse in the land on the landed on t er calls at the rock and sends supplies the ice and made their was up to where up by a derrick to the family of the light-

rence, a woman stared out over the shifting ice floes and watched the whirling the evening when the men folks returned. clouds of snow.

They had not been gone more than four bours, when the wind, which had been bours, when the wind, which had been the standing street the street the standing street the street the

zon for some sign of human presence; day growing colder and blowing steadily from after day she listened with straining ears" the enctword, shifted to the southwest.

the white, dipping, souring gulls, chill because she soon caught sight of them. In April the entries became somewhat the figures against that background of ice and burrying over the ice toward the rock, more extensive, and a dozen times she saw at last a white, gaunt face at the snow, and the scales which unwitting of the work which unwitting of the white a thin, tottering the work of the scales which unwitting of the work of the light of the scales which unwitting of the work of the light of the scales which unwitting of the work of the light of the scales which unwitting of the work of the light of the scales which unwitting of the scales which unwitten which was a scale which unwitten which was a scale which cries of sea-birds broke that fearful silence; dauger signal. They must have seen it, ligh her awful agony came to gambol upon the house, when the ice cracked with a sound to me and got up and looked outside. figure crep ragged edges of the lee where they jutted out into the angry water far beneath her, were the only like the soll white the light and west, parallel by that there could not be the slightest tain could were the only like the soll white the light and west, parallel by that there could not be the slightest tain could

a good hand before the ice broke. It is left, hurled up above the storm-tossed their feethold into a the

says the wind will not change for a week gulf turns to ice and hears the lonely island Angus's telescope, but I do not think I saw yet, and there is no use missing a good in with a clutch that only the returning chance because you are a little afraid. Summer can loosen. There, last Fall, An-Chance because you are a little afraid. Summer can looken. There, and there were some black spots on it that down then, and Angus hollered back to was hald out. It was a monotonous prosent the mental was hollered back to was hald out. It was a monotonous prosent light hurning seg. me, "Suppose I am carried out, Maggie, pect-to keep the great light burning sea-I'll come back, and even if I don't you son in and season out, and wait in sollinde t son in and season out, and wait in sominde and I knew they were senis. Have been for the lighthouse tender which at the first looking out for ship and saw the smoke of

During the Winter Jim Duncan and

by the lighthouse keeper's widow. They a man's hat, Can't have come from poor all day, except when I true of the light to her caution, in pursuit of the seals they had noticed on the fee the day before, the weep of this lighthouse, far out in the lone tower of this lighthouse, far out in tower of this lighthouse, far out in then returned to her household duties, only the storm-swept Gulf of St. Law-a woman stared out over the shift-in her diary, leaving it to be finished in

to catch some sound, however faint or The southwest wind is the agency that

again in view, animate, and making signals she saw the men standing just the other dense to give her back her hashing, one "Angus is dead, and so are Jim Duncan of joy and encouragement to her. So slide of the open water. She could do she did not put it in her diary any more "Angus is dead, and so are Jim Duncan of joy and encouragement to her. So she with a part of the part haunted in her loneliness she wore away, absolutely nothing for them, and every than she would put down the fact that she and George Bryson, growing thinner as the time went on, until moment the ice drifted further out to sea, breathed.

In a jing the capt

cliff remained staring into the blackness, praying and weeping. But even in her agony she did not forget the duty incumbent on the lighthouse keeper. She clambered up into the lighthouse and lighted the great oil lamp, saw that it was filled, and attended to the other duties she had seen her husband perform. There is none of this in the diary. It is

the story she told the skipper of the supply vessel when he came to the rock a few

days ago with new supplies.

The next entry in that diary is on March 2. Until that time she had not dared to put down in black and white her fears that were rapidly becoming certainties. Mrs. Campbell knew the Gulf. She knew, when she saw the ice-raft bearing her husband and his companions away to the southward, that it was only a question of which death be should die. There was a bare possibility, of course, of a bont taking the eastaways off the ice, but there are not many boats in the region of Great Bird Rock in mid-Winter. If the raft of ice was partien-EBRUARY 27 .- Angus went out northern sea they found her transformed the warmer winds long enough to let the their feotbold into a thousand pieces and

> When the late Fall comes and the tardy band and the boys went out on the leeopening of navigation came to bring a fresh a steamer S. S. E. But they were too far

> > live here alone. Half-past 5-Have lighted cliff's foot.

March 4-Went all around the cliff this the ice and made their way up to where
Campbell was waiting for them.

The rest of the story can only be told about half a mile off the head. Looked like a nold one, about half a mile off the head. Looked like told lighthouse keeper's widow. They a man's hat, Can't have come from poor all day, except when I thered on the light half a mile of the supply steamer.

Agency of the looked like an old one, steamer must get here soon.

On May 4 the full entry in the little tain of the supply steamer, volume was as follows: I have been in bed "God knows," she answere all day, except when I thered on the light half a mile off the seapled of the wind and wonder if I am going crazy. The supply ing of the seapled of the wind and the light half a mile off the seapled of the a man's hat. Can't have come from poor all day, except when I turned out the light I had to keep that light burning, and that time? But will keep it burning as long as steamer come? It ought to have been here two hours at a time. There were plenty with the Government to do Itl

were the only living, breathing things she with the lighthouse rock and with North variety to it. She comes of plous stock, the comely woman whom he had known as the wild workings of her racked, half-ward, rained The wild workings of her racked, halfruined mind brought her those shapes
general splitting up of the ice floe. knees for hours every night, begging Provi. man?"

Knees for hours every night, begging Provi. man?"

She saw the men standing just the other dence to give her back her husband, but In a faint, paisled voice the answer can
carry by view salmate, and wellow shapes. She saw the men standing just the other dence to give her back her husband, but

Something or well not all to Kerp the light Put out the light, looked

A Leaflet from the Lighthouse Prisoner's Diary.

The next day the Government steamer did than one meal a day and sometimes I did

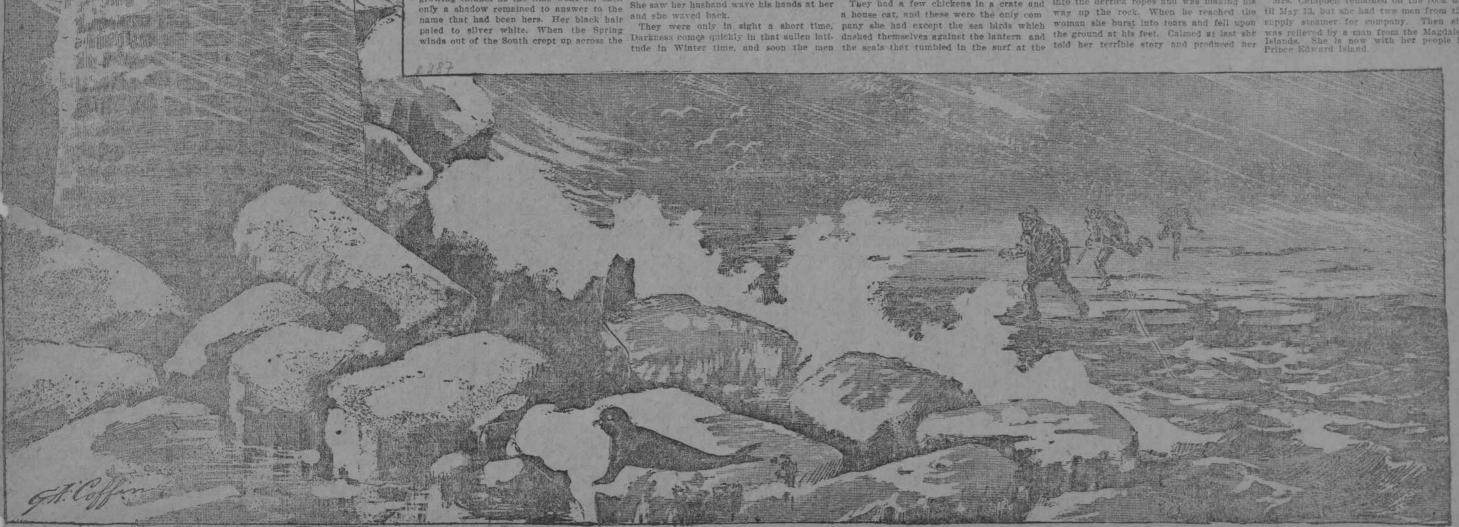
the boys are dead. Oh, God! I can't stand the Have not caten anything to-day, nor there on May 5 the captain tooked long Angus and the boys were carried out on the yesterday! Must build the fire and cook and earnessly at the lighthouse perched ice floe, that they might be in sight and

FAC-SIMILE OF MRS. ANGUS CAMPBELL'S DIARY. On the 1st of May is this sinister entry: ful days and nights when she fought for I heard him calling last night. It was her reason against the roar of the breakers, morning, but did not find anything except not a dream. I had not gone to bed. I the shricking of the wind and the scream-othe pole of a spear. I don't think it was wonder if I am going crazy. The supply ing of the sea birds.

Angas's spear. It looked like an old one, steamer must get here soon.

"How did you stand it?" asked the cap-

of provisions, but I could not eat mor



e saw the men standing just the other side of the open water. She could do absolutely nothing for them, and every moment the ice drifted further out to sea."